

Born to Kill

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Summary: Michael has killed his whole family, so why is he having dreams about someone else's life? I do not own Michael Myers, Dr Loomis, Jamie, Jennifer Hill or the Myers' house. I do own all other characters and plot. Rated for violence and references to medical procedures. One-shot. Reviews/criticism welcome.

Born to Kill

Author's Note: This popped into my head this afternoon, had to write it. Hope you all like it

He crawled through the air duct, the cool metal pressing in on him on all sides. He hated his room, never getting any privacy or time to himself except when he was asleep. He peered through a wire grille, looking down into a room with lots of tables and chairs. The Day Room. Sometimes he was allowed to spend a little time in there, if he'd been good. He continued on through the vent. Another grille showed him an office. He kicked at the grille until it opened, then dropped down onto a dark wooden desk.

Michael lay staring at the ceiling. He'd had another one of those dreams. Where could they be coming from? There was no one left in his family, he'd made sure of that, but the dreams were definitely not his own.

Doctor Taylor watched Miranda climb into her small bed and curl up under the blankets. He glanced down at his clipboard. The file on Miranda was pretty big, considering she was only nine years old. From the day she could walk, she had been trained in the art of fighting. She could shoot most types of guns and fight hand-to-hand, with weapons and without. She was a fast learner, and extremely good at problem solving. She had never been taught to read or write, but she had learned to talk by listening to the many adults around her. Not that she talked much anyway, she may as well be a mute.

He flipped the page up, not wanting to look at her schedule for the day. The page beneath was her profile. Dr. Taylor scanned the page.

Legal Guardian: Dr. Samuel Loomis (deceased)

Father: Michael Myers

Mother: Jennifer Hill

A bang from the room in front of him distracted him and he looked up. He couldn't see anything through the two-way mirror. He frowned and leaned over the desk, reaching for the computer. Tapping a couple of buttons on the keyboard, he brought up a view of the room from the camera installed in the corner above the bed. The camera was black too. Sighing, he placed the clipboard on the desk and left the room. Lately Miranda had been getting sick of being watched all the time, so she'd taken to covering the two-way mirror and camera in her room. Dr. Taylor typed his passkey into the electronic lock, then pushed at the door. It didn't move. He put his shoulder to the door and shoved as hard as he could. It remained shut tight.

Letting out a grunt of frustration, he grabbed the walkie-talkie from his belt and pushed the talk button. 'Security to Room 19.' He replaced the walkie-talkie and leaned against the wall to wait. Loomis' plan when he started this was to breed a child who would be Michael's demise. He figured that only a relative could kill Myers, but it had to be someone directly related to him, parent, sibling or child. When Myers was still in the institution, before he turned 21 and escaped for the first time, they had taken various bodily fluids and frozen them for identification purposes and numerous tests. Loomis had drugged his betrothed and artificially inseminated her. Jennifer had thought the pregnancy was normal, but when Loomis told her the truth, after the baby had been born, she had called off their engagement. Deciding she didn't want a huge, and possibly very public, court battle for the child of a serial killer, Jennifer had relented to Loomis' wishes and left the child with him.

Two burly men appeared in front of Dr. Taylor. Their matching blue uniforms announced that they were security staff.

'Open the door,' Dr. Taylor ordered, gesturing at it. They nodded and he stepped aside to give them room. It took them a couple of tries to get the door open enough for the doctor to slip inside the bedroom. He switched on the light and looked around. A small jumper covered the camera, the bed frame was standing on one end in front of the tall wall mirror with a blanket draped over it and the wardrobe had been against the door. The mattress was lying against the wall where the bed usually was, pillows and blankets set up neatly on it. Miranda was nowhere to be seen. He swore and kicked the wardrobe. The two guards looked in around the door.

'Find her,' he ordered angrily. They nodded and left. He cursed Dr. Loomis for leaving him with this problem. He had been Taylor's mentor, and Taylor fully agreed with his theory, but he had forgotten to factor in that the child would have a mind of her own. With a sigh, he began setting the room to rights again. They would have to move the plan ahead, he decided. They couldn't risk this happening again. The sooner Michael Myers and his daughter were dead, the better the world would be.

Miranda leaned against the air duct, the cold cement beneath her numbing her buttocks and legs. A stack of papers sat beside her, a brick on top of them to keep them from blowing away. There were a few lights on the roof, enough for her to read by. She'd secretly taught herself to read four years ago, sneaking books from the Day Room into her bathroom under her shirt. Her eyes widened as she read her father's file. So many murders. She set it aside and picked up her own file, leafing through it quickly. She couldn't remember Dr. Loomis, he'd died when she was only a year old. A frown crossed her face as she read their plans for her. At least now she knew why she was put through so much physical training. _"...subject will no longer be required after purpose is fulfilled. Suggest subject be terminated upon completion of task."_ She shut the file and gathered the other papers up. She knew she couldn't escape from the facility, it was too well-guarded, she would wait for the right opportunity, then leave. Until then, they couldn't know she had read the files.

The security guards found Miranda curled up in Dr. Taylor's office, fast asleep in the leather armchair behind his desk. They knew better than to touch her, they radioed in to Dr. Taylor and watched over her until he arrived to carry her back to her own room.

Miranda woke up briefly as Dr. Taylor was tucking her in. He smiled at her. 'We're going to take a trip tomorrow. Would you like that? It's Halloween, there will be lots of people dressed up in silly costumes.' She smiled sleepily, then turned over and yawned. Still smiling, he left the room, making sure to type in the lock code.

Miranda sat staring out the window of the van. She was wearing a red and white clown outfit with a white frill around the neck and two white pompoms on the front. When Dr. Taylor had presented it to her that morning, she had immediately recognised it. It was the exact same outfit her cousin Jamie had been wearing in one of the file photos. Houses streamed past the van. They had entered Haddonfield not long ago and she was starting to feel adrenaline pumping through her body. She glanced at the two security guards sitting opposite her. They stared impassively back, hands on their weapons. They knew she was dangerous. She allowed herself a small smile and leaned back against the wall that separated her from the cab. Dr. Taylor was sitting in the cab, talking quietly with the driver. He didn't think she could hear them.

'How do you know this will work? He probably won't even be there. He hasn't surfaced in years,' the driver said.

'It will work. It's Halloween. Besides, where else would he be?'

'How do you know she'll kill him?'

'As soon as he tries to kill her, her instincts will kick in and she'll fight back.'

'And if she doesn't win?'

'Well, we retreat and think of a new plan.'

The van had slowed down. Miranda looked out the window again. A group of children were playing on a playground, laughter and shouts reaching her ears through the tinted glass. She watched them curiously. She had never been allowed to interact with anyone other than the doctors and guards of the facility she'd spent her entire life in. She wondered what it would be like to play with other children. To live with parents, and maybe even siblings, without doctors and guards around all the time. She knew she wasn't a normal child, the books she'd read had told her that other people didn't live like her. The van turned a corner and she lost sight of the playground. They turned again and slowed to a stop. She heard the front passenger door open then slam shut. Then the sliding side door was pulled open and Dr. Taylor was looking in at her. Silently, she unbuckled her seat belt and climbed out to stand beside him on the pavement. The guards followed, sliding the door shut behind them. Miranda gazed at the house they'd parked in front of. It was falling apart. The front yard was a mess. The fence was rusted, the lawn consisted of dead grass, a few scraggly bushes grew in front of the porch. The paint was peeling, windows were smashed and boarded up. Miranda looked up at Dr. Taylor expectantly.

'Let's go in, shall we?' he suggested, smiling broadly. The gate squealed as he pushed it open. Miranda walked into the yard, stepping confidently onto the cracked cement of the front path. She looked up at the second floor as she approached the steps. Movement in one of the windows caught her eye but she didn't let on to her escorts. The stairs creaked dangerously as Dr. Taylor ascended them behind Miranda. Dust drifted down from above them as he opened the door. Once inside, he lead Miranda up the stairs and into a bedroom.

'Sit here and wait for me,' he told her, pulling the chair out from in front of the vanity table that was sitting against the wall. She obediently sat down on the dusty chair and watched him leave the room.

Dr. Taylor stood in the middle of the living room. 'Michael! Your daughter is here to meet you. She's in your sister's room,' he yelled.

Michael stepped out of the closet just as Dr. Taylor yelled out to him. He stared at the girl sitting at the vanity table. She watched him in the dirty mirror, no emotions showing on her face. He knew the man downstairs was telling the truth. This was his daughter, he could tell by looking at her. She was the one he'd been having dreams of. He couldn't sense anything from her now, though. With everyone else in his family, their feelings had overwhelmed him, driving him crazy, but his daughter, her feelings were just not there.

'They want me to kill you,' she whispered, holding his gaze in the mirror. 'Then they're going to kill me.' She stated it like it had no meaning to her, like it didn't matter, but there had been a slight catch in her throat, betraying her feelings. He walked over to her, raising his knife. She didn't move as he reached over her shoulder and pulled a drawer open. Then he turned, and walked out of the room.

Dr. Taylor stared upwards as the footsteps walked across the floor above him. There were no sounds of a struggle yet, but he was sure there soon would be. The footsteps continued, then he heard the creaking of the stairs. Someone was coming downstairs. He swore under

his breath and ran for the kitchen, meaning to go out the back door. It was locked. He kicked at it furiously a couple of times then turned around. Michael Myers was standing in the doorway to the lounge room, a large knife in one hand.

'She...she's upstairs,' Taylor told him, backing away. Michael took a step into the room and he turned and fled back into the entranceway. Miranda was standing between him and the front door, a knife exactly the same as her father's in her hand. Taylor gulped. 'What are you doing with that?' he asked, his voice shaking. 'Give it to me, you could hurt yourself.' He held out his hand to her. She stepped towards him. He smiled encouragingly. Her eyes moved to look at something behind him. His body stiffened and he turned to find himself staring into the black eyes of Michael Myers. He screamed as the knife slid into his back, severing his spine. Miranda withdrew the knife and Dr. Taylor collapsed to the ground, still screaming in agony. Miranda stepped over him and stood against the wall beside the door. The two guards didn't take long to burst inside. The first one inside fell over Dr. Taylor. Miranda slammed the door shut behind them and stabbed one in the leg while Michael dragged the other one to his feet and threw him onto the stairs. Miranda stabbed the guard again, this time in the chest. He fell over, clutching his wounds and breathing in quick gasps. Michael stalked the guard as he scrambled up the stairs, taking his time. Miranda drew her knife across the guard's throat, silencing him. Michael grabbed the guard's ankle and dragged him back down the stairs. He released his ankle and grabbed him around the throat, lifting him up. Looking into the man's terrified face, he plunged his knife into his stomach three times before throwing him to the floor to bleed to death. He turned back to his daughter. Miranda was glaring down at Dr. Taylor, who was begging for his life. Hatred in her eyes, she drew her knife across his throat, then stepped back.

They stared at each other over the bodies. Father and daughter. Both splattered with blood. Miranda made the first move. She dropped her knife and turned away. Michael stared after her as she left the house. She didn't look back.

End
file.